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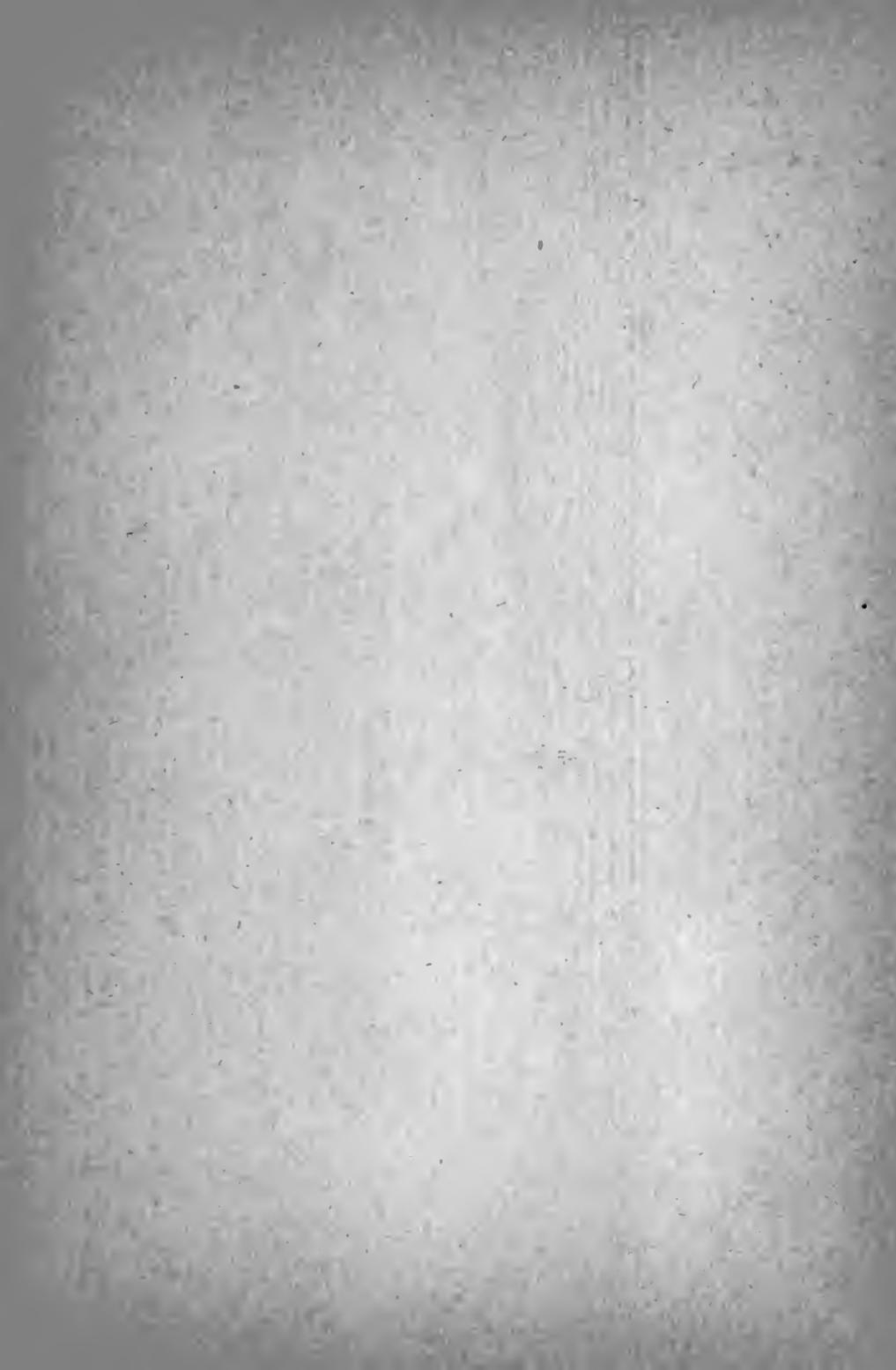


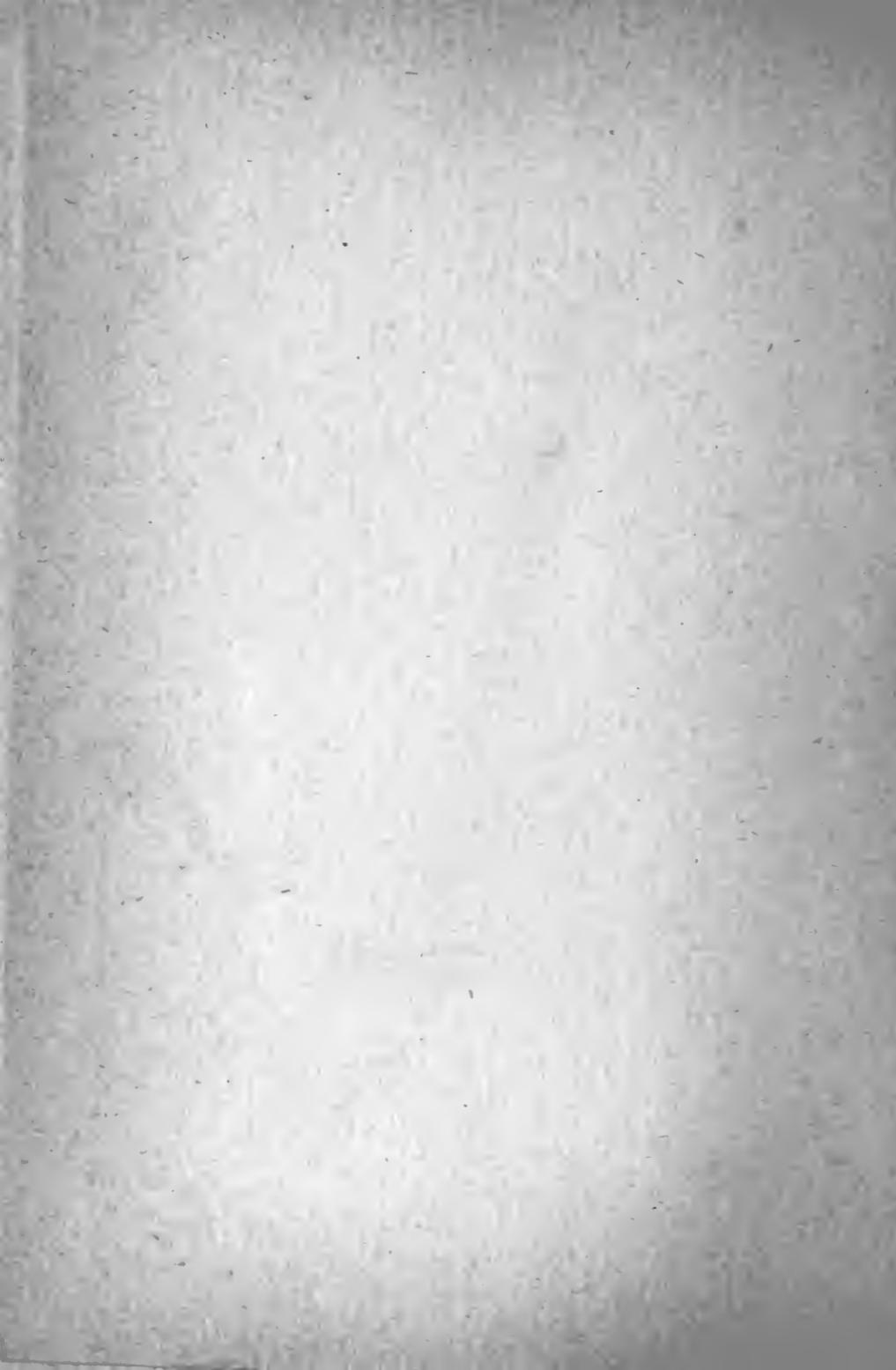
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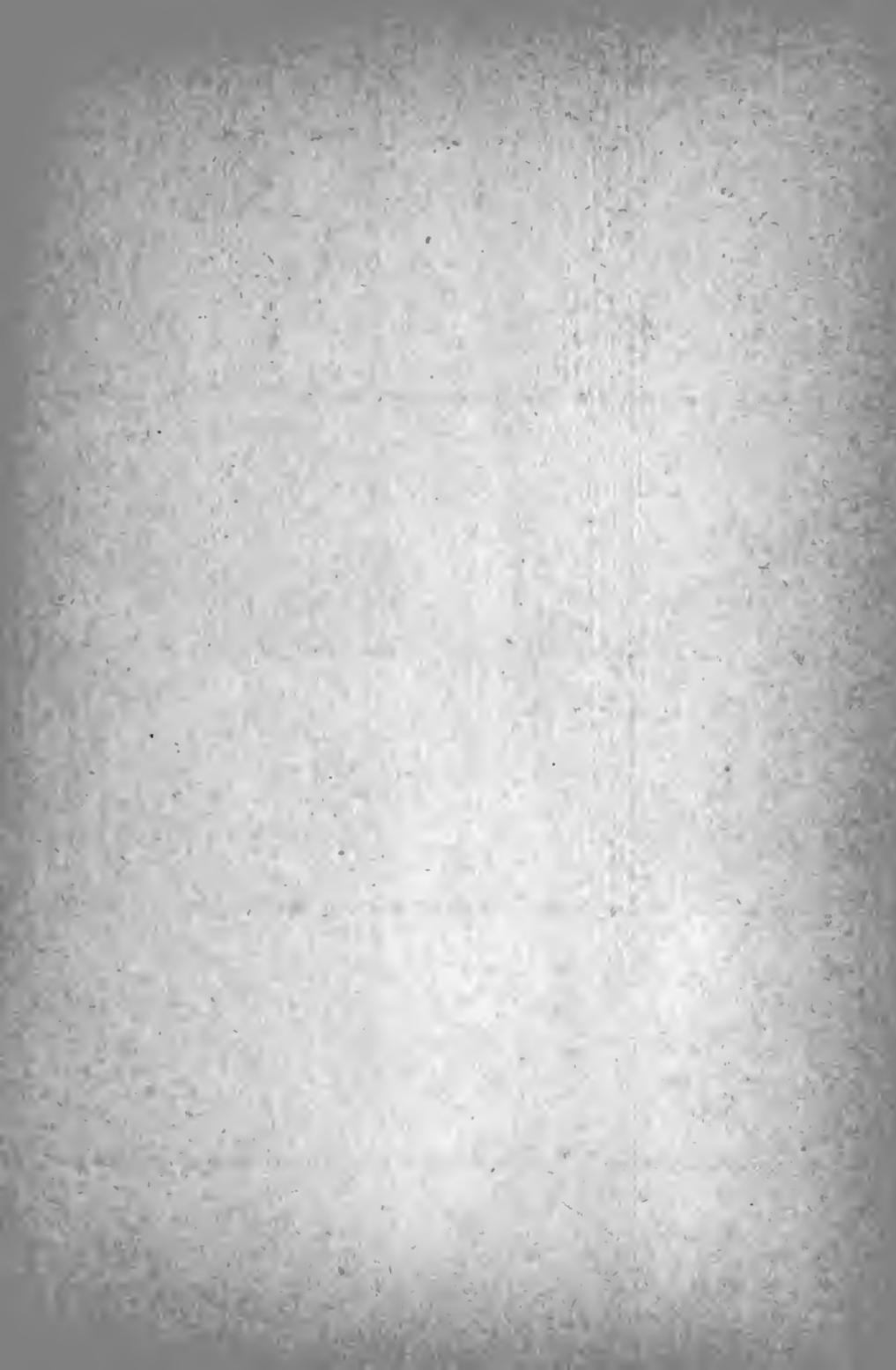
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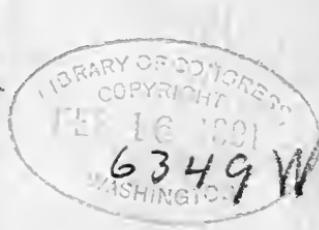


Mrs B. C. Russel

MAGNOLIA LEAVES

POEMS

BY
MRS. B. C. RUDE



BUFFALO
CHARLES WELLS MOULTON
1891

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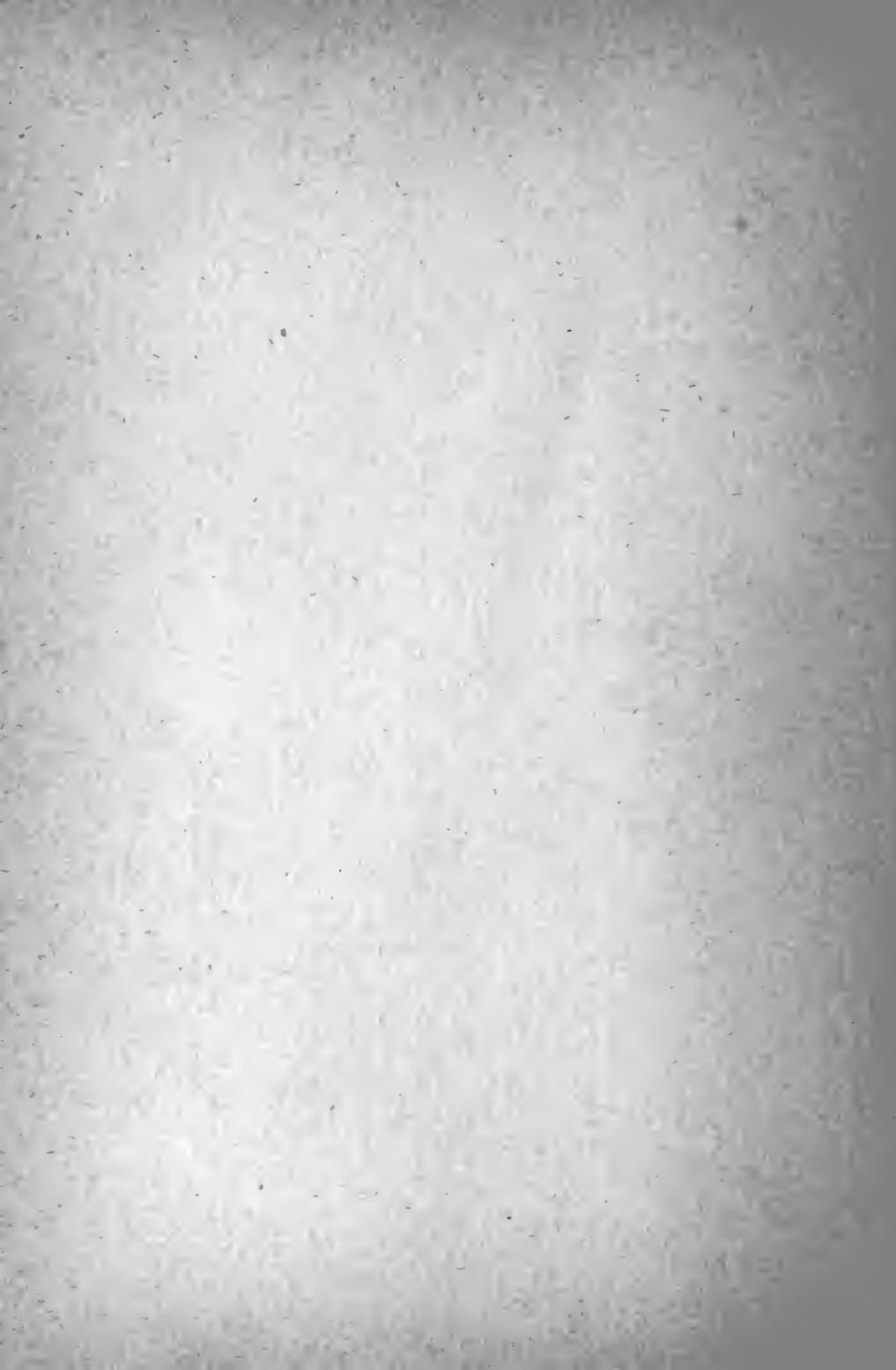
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MAGNOLIA LEAVES.



MAGNOLIA LEAVES.

A SHADOW PICTURE.

FAIR St. Augustine, nature's winter queen,
 Languidly is lying
In her summer dress of rarest loveliness,
 Listening to the sighing,
And the steady moaning, and the weary groaning
 Of the sea.
Sails are idly flapping, boatmen soundly napping—
 Dreaming are we.

Fair St. Augustine! Southern summer queen!
 I love thy vine-wreathed bowers,
Where the moon-flower creeping, silent night-watch
 keeping,
 Unfolds her fair white flowers,
While, watching dainty fingers, a foolish lover
 lingers
 Near a maid,

Who sings and deftly weaves the sunned palmetto
leaves,
Beneath the shade.

Fair St. Augustine! Oh, the joyous scene!
Billows gaily dancing,
Bounding, rolling, dashing, o'er the bathers splash-
ing,—
Bathers shyly glancing
At some loved one waving. Together they are
braving
The sea's embrace.
The maidens fair and shy on swimmers bold rely
With easy grace.

Fair St. Augustine! at her best is seen
From the boats returning;
Tile roofs red as fire, capped with dome and spire,
'Neath the sunset burning.
Fond maids and loving swains, sing low and soft
refrains
And admire;
While men of sober lives unto their trusting wives
Draw them nigher.

When St. Augustine is robed in starry sheen,
And the evening hue,

All dotted o'er with stars and crossed by Luna's
bars,
Peeps so faintly through;
Then her natives, swinging to the tuneful ringing
Of the bells in the shells
On the shore;
Dance and trip in pairs, fanned by summer airs,
Ever more.

Fair St. Augustine! Humbled southern queen!
Mingling with thy chimes
"A tragic wail—of old? The echo from some hold?
Some sepulcher of crimes?"
At the mid-day hour, with weird and tragic power,
Breathes out its woe,
Each lover half afraid of harm to helpless maid,
Turns to go.

Fair St. Augustine! Stricken southern queen!
Bow low thy head in tears;
Nor weave a magic spell around yon tolling bell,
Nor still thy haunting fears.
The air filled with sobbing, sets thy great heart
a-throbbing
In sympathy,
While crazed hearts vainly crying, caress the loved
ones dying;
And the sea,

In funereal beating knells the slayer "Greeting;
Thou'rt He! Thou'rt He!"
Each echoing heart repeating
"Thou'rt He!"

Fair St. Augustine! Arise thou honored queen!
Thy scepter, peace, receive,
Which, mounted by the dove, insignia of love,
Shall emblem thy reprieve,
For trailing in the dust the banner of thy trust
Vouchsafed to all.
Of safety, rest and charm, with naught of fear or
harm,
When death's dark pall,
Should be the curtained fold which hides the gates
of gold.
And Nature worn
Should slip behind the veil, and leave no tragic tale
Of hearts so torn.

Fair St. Augustine! Favored southern queen!
Be worthy of the grace
Bestowed by palaces, and fairy fountain sprays;
And courts where interlace
Sweet blooms of mingled shades, whose beauty
never fades.
And to the name

Of him who with his art hath cheered fair Nature's
heart,

And brought you fame,

Ascribe a grateful song which shall that name
prolong,

Till time's eternity

Engulfs the sea.

NAN AND HER HUSBAND.

WHEN I was a child the neighbors all smiled
At mention of Moffet and Nancy.
Their old house was sunny, their ways were so
funny;
They lived in a clearing. I fancy
To-day that I hear ring out loud and clear,
Dame Nancy's voice calling
The kine from the wood,
While lustily "balling"
Came Betty and Prude;
While on the fence perching was many an urchin,
All hoping yet fearing Dame Nancy's appearing.
We slid from the picket when out from the thicket
A clambering o'er logs came Nan and her dogs;
A moment of gaping, and then such a flapping
Of loose little pants;
Such a jumping and leaping
With eyes all askance,
And loose frocks a-sweeping,
To a haunted old house on the corner, and there
Once securely housed we proceeded to stare.
Dame Nancy was harmless, and all of us knew it,
Though we for the life of us couldn't see through it,

For Nancy in woolen, and frowsy and old,
Was, everyone said, a sight to behold;
 While from daylight till dark
 Old Bruno and Towser
 Would go "bark! bark! bark! bark!"
 Then "bow! wow! wow! wow!" sir!
And though we were taught that barking dogs bite
 not,
Yet ever we reasoned, they might and they might
 not;
But for fear that they might, we'll just get out o'
 sight.
And so in the top of the old haunted house,
Each little sprite stood as still as a mouse,
 Till the queer-looking trio
 Had passed out of sight.
 Then with clapping and Leigh oh!
 Ran out with delight.
Now Moffet, Nan's husband, was uglier than she.
Sometimes he was ugly as ugly could be.
Nan read her Bible, and Bunyan, and often
When talking of Heaven, her old eyes would soften.
But he kept a pail with a bung like a barrel,
And most of the neighbors 'cept dear Mr. Farrel,
Would take it to town and get it re-filled,
When passing the place where gin was distilled.
And whenever you noticed his tongue growing
 thicker,

You might know old Moffet again was in liquor.
And always his spite he'd vent on dear Mr. Farrel,
Who avoided his pail with a bung like a barrel.
'Twas a source of annoyance to Farrel, my father,
And caused us a sight of vexation and bother.
Sometimes at our gate he would prattle and prate,
Or swear, till the ends of my hair stood up straight.
Thus sympathy drew me quite near to Dame Nancy,
And filled me, I own, with a rare childish fancy
For this creature so strange who used to decoy me,
When Moffet was gone and not there to annoy me,
To their old house so filled with curious things,
With laces and silks, hair relics and rings,
Profiles and head-gear,—strange bonnets I ween,
Full pretty enough for the head of a queen.
While armor and fishing-rods hung on the wall,
A show of old splendor thus brightening it all.
While Nancy with pride would whisper aside,
"My folks was folks, though most of 'em's died.
I've made a fool of myself an' there's no denyin' it,"
She'd say with a voice that had a deep sigh in it.
"Katherine Kline," said she once, "is my sister's
child,
The other one married old Dobbs," and she smiled.
"All that old miser's wealth was secured by stealth
From the old but renowned De Lancy estate;
I'm the creature of fate since Moffet's my mate.
Sweet Katharine Kline a fair lady fine

Some day will be — but there's no luck for me.”
This fell from her tongue, but I was so young
No import it had, and I never repeated
These words which I heard when at her side seated.
Grim Death grew strangely tender, kind,
When, leaving kith and kin behind,
Old Dobbs was followed by old Moffet,
The neighbors said en route for Tophet.
But Nancy said, “ My Moffet died
With my old Bible at his side,
And loudly he for mercy cried.
The gentle simmerin' of the kittle
And Towser's moanin' jest a little,
Was all the sounds there was a stirrin'
Save may be the cats a purrin',”—
And Nancy had of cats a score,
Nineteen I know, I think no more —
“ When suddenly he looked at me
And said ‘ Old Nan eternity
Is starin' me full in the face,’—
I held his hand and said my grace —
‘ And if *you* says I'll be forgiven
And find my way clean into Heaven,
I'll go to sleep jest like a child,’
And then he looked at me and smiled.
‘ And you forgive me, Nan, old Nan ?
If you forgive me Jesus can.
Were't not for them that drove me wild

I'd had my birthright ready filed.
Tell Farrel he was brave and true
When he refused to join the crew
That brought me gin, an' brought to you
Such sorrow and such sufferin' too.'
And then he sobbed, and such repentin',
And when such prayers as these are sent in
Before the throne where God is livin'
Then I know there is forgivin'."
And no one doubted after this
That Moffet's soul found rest and peace,
And Preacher Baxter did his best
To not disturb the sleeper's rest.
But scarce the sods had knitted o'er
That lowly graye, when at our door
Dame Nancy claimed the right of kin
To Katharine Kline, who with chagrin
Unfeigned, received it. But soon convinced
By Nancy's tale, nor shrank nor winced,
And early past our cottage door
Sweet Katharine to her mansion bore
In tenderness, a well-known form,
All bent with age and scathed by storm;
And seated 'mong her relics, Nancy
For years indulged her childish fancy,
By weaving superstitious stories
To children lingering round her chair,

Like pretty wreaths of morning glories
About a branch all withered, bare.
And laden with this weight of bloom
Dame Nancy traveled to her tomb,
And Preacher Baxter shed a tear,
With kindly neighbors o'er her bier.

THE HARKNESS HOUSE.

THERE is no village, howe'er small,
But has some manor, cot or hall,
Deserted, haunted, where by day
Bats hide, and nightly, witches play.
The Harkness House a history had;
'Twas neither good nor yet was bad;
Within the sound of cannon shot
From "Mormon Hill," this haunted spot
'Neath superstition's fostering care,
Wore a mysterious gloomy air.
E'en old "Ganargua's" ghost was roaming
In the evening and the gloaming.
The Foxes practicing sèance
With Horace Greeley on finance.
A miser, Dobbs, in early life,
By mischance won a highborn wife
Before his youthful instinct, greed,
Had crystalized in sordid deed.
She, reared in lap of luxury,
Soon pined for treasures hid away;
Felt dwarfed and smothered, as if e'en
The air was growing close and mean.
His tightening grasp so chafed and wore

Upon her heart-strings, torn and sore,
That even death was glad surcease;
A guerdon clasp which brought release.
Unfettered, freed, her soul at last
From out beneath Dobbs' shadow passed;
A friendly grave its sods now pressed
Above her weary waiting breast.
The busy neighbors, skilled in weaving,
Now gathered up some family threads,
And weaving with them fancy shreds,—
It must be owned the whole relieving—
A pattern showed of 'broidered thought,
So deftly traced, so finely wrought,
So charming to this gentle folk;
Who would the sentence dare revoke,
That Dobbs' wife was heard to moan?
And mediums when Dobbs's alone
Sat at his frugal meal at night,
Had called her in to cheer his sight?
Some "rappings" once 'twas said he heard
But clutched his gold nor spoke nor stirred.
One night he died, and Katharine Kline
By will and heritage, his mine
Of wealth received. The "rappings" still
Resounded through the house at will.
It stood deserted, and the ghosts
Themselves invited as its hosts.
But many times I've climbed the stair,

And listened to the "rappings" rare,
And waited till my favorite mouse,—
Companion ghost within the house—
Came shyly forth to its repast
Of bread and cheese before it cast.
Friend mouse retreating I have staid,
And through those haunted chambers strayed,
And gazing out the windows played
That I was queen of all I saw;
That I unto myself was law.
A realm was mine, and every sail,
Which gaily dipped before the gale,
Was subject to my childish will,
So lavishly did Nature fill
My soul athirst. Her varying moods
Of lake and headlands, shore and woods,
All catered to each childish whim,
Till overflowed life's joyous brim.
'Twas here with Esther, Tom, and Han,
And Lottie, too, I watched for Nan.
'Twas here we stood so still and sly,
Oft times when she in passing by
With superstitious dread and fear,
Now paused, now hurried, as her ear
Caught our low giggle floating down
From those tall windows bare and brown.

Fair Katharine Kline, an heiress now,

And being free to smile and bow,
Her charms by 'broidered dress enhanced,
Vied with the sun, which shyly glanced
Through gauze and fringe of cloud and mist,
And morn and eve her soft cheek kissed.
As if to shield her beauteous grace
She fitted up the "Harkness Place."
And soon 'neath paint and fond repair,
And Katharine's unremitting care,
This haunted house among the trees,
Which told its tale in sighing breeze,
Revived, unto its porches drew
The village maidens; and not a few
More favored lads, or young men, rather,
Were wont on summer eves to gather
As escort more for timid maid
Than suitor for the one who staid.
Our village tutor, half inspired
Our ardent love of learning fired,
Till youthful "literati" sought
To plume and ventilate their thought,
And many hours with Katharine spent
In study earnest and intent.
Oh, let me speak in proud acclaim,
In memory fond of Katharine's fame.
Her home a seat of culture was,
Her ear e'er open to the cause
Of youth's advancement, brought, by scores

An eager throng within her doors.
And these found courage, hope, and cheer,
Enthroned, their earnest tales to hear.
E'en echoing love steals down the years,
From guests transferred to heavenly spheres,
And swells the chorus of our song,
As Katharine's name we proud prolong.

* * * * *

Who first draws out our latent gift,
The mates who joined us by the way,
In pure and healthful rivalry,
Haunt still the place of first uplift.
While o'er that spot there hangs a spell—
My lips are mute, I may not tell.

THE OLD MILL-SITE.

THERE'S only a mill-site pond and stream,

Not even the old-time whirr;

Alone I sit on a fallen beam

And wait, while fond memories stir.

I wait for the children who used to throng

Down under the willows the whole day long.

The minnows are playing, but oh, the mill

Where father sawed the hemlock log

While we sat side-wise on the dog,

Lies scattered in pieces along the hill,

And everything is so still, so still.

The pond's running low, the flume is out,

And only a lazy stream

Goes crawling among the stones about,

As a shadow seen in a dream.

Down under the bridge the cows found shade

As they came to the swollen stream to wade.

I see them e'en now and my father waiting,

As up the hill they slowly wend

At close of day with clumsy trend,

A-nibbling the clover and grasses, bating,

So calmly unconscious,—and father waiting.

I'm waiting for one whose step is slow,
Whose eyes are now growing dim;
He's always been young to me I trow
Since erst I went following him
Through pastures green or at husking time,
When I was a child and he in his prime.

Now slowly he's coming adown the hill.
He heard me call and came to me.
I knew he'd come. 'Tis he, 'tis he!
His hair is so white but I *guess* he's still
As young as he was when he came from the
mill.

BY THE LIGHTNING'S FLASH.

A TINY craft went sailing by
My cot by the sea to-day,
A storm was gathering in the sky,
And dark o'er the waters lay.
I sit in the darkness and gaze
To see, if I may, in the haze,
By the lightning's flashing light
O'er the sea, a sail to-night.
No sail ! No sign! But *somewhere* I know
A tiny sail
Has met the gale
And rides the sea over, or lies the sea under,
Oh, daring bold rover, which is it, I wonder?
A flash! A tug's in sight; and in tow,
A tiny craft,
A sailing aft.

THE TREE OF STATE.

THE MAPLE.

PROUD emblem tree of the Empire State!
Thy virtues on this festal day
I cheerfully would commemorate,
And own allegiance to thy sway.
Deep-rooted in thy native soil,
The field of all my earlier toil,
The sepulcher which holds in trust
For future time, my kindred dust;
The play-ground of my childhood years,
The cradle of my dreams, loves, fears;
The very dust is dear which creeps
About thy roots and vigil keeps.
And every fibre of thy growth
Endeared to me since early youth
Grows dearer still, while dreaming where
Magnolia bloom fills all the air.

FIRST VERSE.

I see thee now before the storm king bending,
As I have seen thee oft, and fled from under,
When lightning flashes, scarce begun, scarce end-
ing,

Their works have told in tones of fiercest thunder.

And thou wast beautiful and great,

Oh, emblem tree of the Empire State!

SECOND VERSE.

I see thee now, well-rounded, calm, and blending

Shades and touches by deft Nature's brush.

And o'er the whole, the latest sunset lending

That strange, soft something, 'twixt a glow and
flush,

Which holds entranced, e'en while I wait,

Oh, emblem tree of the Empire State!

THIRD VERSE.

Now lo! behold ! Two happy lovers straying
Grow conscious that the moonbeams softly steal-

ing

Athwart their path, are stealthily betraying

Their soul-lit faces; mirrored love revealing.

So, 'neath thy shade, they trembling wait,
To shield Love's flush, oh, Tree of State!

FOURTH VERSE.

E'en merry urchins 'neath thy branches swinging,

Refresh themselves at thy o'erflowing fountain,

And praises loud in childish glee are ringing,

As one by one, thy top-most branches mounting,

Each vies with each, oh, Tree of State!

While echoing hills reiterate.

FIFTH VERSE.

I see them now, thy garnered leaves, adorning
The palace hall and hovel, yea! the bier.
They turn the night of poverty to morning,
And bring to gilded homes a touch of cheer;
While even Death they decorate,—
Thy leaves—oh, cherished Tree of State!

SIXTH VERSE.

But words are sounding voids, when hands are
waiting
To set the royal seal of praise to-day,
And show a love enduring, unabating,
By planting thy dear rootlets by the way.
Long live the Maple, grand and great!
Proud emblem tree of the Empire State!

SI, DO, RE.

SHE'S Evelyn Lee, the dairyman's daughter;
She's only a-singing a tune that *he* taught her.
"Who taught her?" you ask. Why, the singing-
school master!

Who always smiled sweetly whenever he passed her,
And made her heart beat just a wee bit the faster.
They say that she loves him. Be that as it may,
Let her sing if she wants to, fa, sol, la, si, do, re.

The singing-school closed when the evenings grew
shorter,

But still she kept singing—the dairyman's daughter.
She goes to her task with the first peep o' day,
And whatever her thoughts, she keeps singing
away,

As she changes the milk into cheese, curd and
whey.

They say that she's pining. Be that as it may,
Let her sing if she wants to, fa, sol, la, si, do, re.

The master, he's gone—gone for good, I suppose.
He's returned? You've seen him? Why, yes, there
he goes!

And as sure as I live there's the dairyman's daughter
A sauntering out for a pail o' fresh water.

She sees him; she runs for the house, but he's
caught her

And kissed her, and she—well be that as it may!
He's come to be married and take her away.
You don't say! You don't say! Fa, sol, la, si, do, re.

THE SAND FLOWER.

WE saw a white flower in the sand,
Growing by the sea.

I went to pluck it with my hand,
He said, "Let it be!"

'Tis sweet, where might and power are swelling,
To see, in peace and safety dwelling,
A thing so wee."

I reached as if to pluck the dainty flower.

He caught my hand, and holds it to this hour.

Oft times we view the sand flower creeping,
My hand in his in sacred keeping.

LINCOLN.

L INCOLN, ordained to meet a country's want,
From lowly walks grew lowlier as he rose
Triumphant o'er occasions and o'er foes.
With dignity oft spiced with pleasant taunt
Dispensed he justice unimpaired by daunt.
Where'er is told the tale of slavery's woes,
In proud display the name of Lincoln goes,
But autographed with ne'er a trace of vaunt.

America's proud heirloom ne'er shall be
Mildewed in shelved and worthless history.
Both victims and the masters of the crime
Alike revere the name that set them free.
All write him proudest hero of his time,
Illustrious martyr of a cause sublime.

UNCAGED.

THE zone which binds the higher life,
Expands beneath the soothing balm
Of early morning's restful calm,
When night has stilled the jar of strife.

Like birds uncaged we swing aloft.
Our narrow selves outgrown, we sing
In sympathy with Nature's ring,
In numbers round or trillings soft.

Advances now with rapid strides
Broad day, and we, earth-bound shrink back,
That duty's hour may know no lack,
To find our fitness amplified.

Our feet run with a lighter trip,
Our hands now eager grasp their toil,
While far more freely flows the oil
Of human love from heart and lip.

Then rise, oh, burdened soul, and let
Your higher being trill a song,
Which through your grovelings shall prolong
Its echoes, till the day has set.

INTO THE LIKENESS.

THE sunflower, clinging to its stalk,
Can neither fly, nor run, nor walk,
But ever gazes towards the sun,
From early morn till day is done.
And really it is quite amazing
How like the sun it grows, in gazing.
If, while earth-bound, we may not quite
Reach up unto the grandest height,
By keeping it each day in view
We may adorn us with its hue.

SEA MOSSES.

I'VE gathered sea mosses, all wet with the sea,
And this is the way they came floating to me.
The waves held a carnival. Each wore a crest
Of sky-tinted mosses, and lovingly pressed
Each other, and kissed, as they laughingly played.
And some of the wavelets made love, and they
strayed

'Mong the rocks on the shore,
And they ruthlessly tore
From the coquettish wavelets so thoughtless and
gay,
This bunch of sea mosses, all dripping with spray,
And I just came up slyly and stole them away.

IN MEMORIAM.

E. J. A.

I MIND me well, dear hearts, to-night,
Of one who made your home a paradise;
For where she led there followed longing eyes
Of doting love and anxious ecstacies,
All centering toward this central light.

Let only those who know the spell
An only child weaves round the parent heart,
Dare touch the theme or paint the chastening dart,
Which through long years has now become a part
Of all your pleasures; pains as well.

E'en Death we know was loth to bear
From out its place a form so lithe and free,
He came not with a swoop of cruel glee
But with a halting wing, reluctantly,
Returned her to our Father's care.

Can we forget that sunset time
When she triumphant spoke, "*The victory's won,*
I go, sweet hearts, the Father's will be done?

Behold the glory of yon setting sun!
The clouds but make it more sublime.

“I go to leave a settled gloom
Upon these hearts that love me well I know.
But like yon clouds, may all your gloom and woe,
When lighted by life’s latest sunset glow,
Light all your pathway to the tomb!”

The prayer, dear hearts, which followed when,
In spirit meek, ye yielded up your child,
Not with a noisy grief, but in those mild
Still words. Can we forget, or how she smiled,
And kissed you with a sweet “*Amen?*”

WELLSVILLE, N. Y.

TRUE CHARITY.

LET not e'en your left hand know the gift you
bestow
With your right, to the neighbor just over the way.
Let your life be the trumpet before you to go,
And repeat by its sweetness the prayers that you
say.

THE DAISY.

D AISIES, bright daisies, keep nodding at me,
And winking and blinking so coquettishly,
While up from the depths of their great speaking
eyes

Love and loyalty well. Dear National ties!
Go! Weave me a banner of grasses, fresh grasses
From out of the roadside, where everyone passes.

Now bring me sweet daisies
Cut from the roadside,
The pretty ox-eyed,
Which everyone praises.

Now tastefully lay in the daisies for stars,
And catch me the radiant sunbeams for bars;
Then say if a prettier emblem can be
For this land of the brave, this home of the free.

OUR NEIGHBOR'S BABY.

A PICTURE of our baby May,
Our neighbor's baby o'er the way.

Let me peep o'er your shoulder,
It is she, just behold her!

Perfect! Form and feature!

Precious darling creature!

Eyes of blue, dimples too,
Cheeks vermillion white and rose,
Dainty feet and precious toes,
Peeping out from 'neath her clothes!

No baby smiles like baby May

And there's her smile as plain as day.

Now let her speak, she's trying to,
Oh *can't* you paint her "goo a goo"
As when she tries to talk to you?

"I cannot do it," the artist said,

And disappointed dropped her head.

A picture of our baby May,
Our neighbor's baby o'er the way.
Let me peep o'er your shoulder,
It is she, just behold her!

But she's always sitting.
May is always flitting.
Eyes of blue, dimples too,
But she always sits so still.
Can't you let her move at will?
She will tire of sitting still.

Dancing, sprightly baby May!
Crowning, jumping, all the day!
She's trying to throw a kiss at you
Don't hold her hands! Do let them go!
"But one alone this task can do,"
In accents low the artist said,
And disappointed dropped her head.

Just hear that little tap, tap, tap!
There, sitting on her mother's lap
Is our very baby May,
At the window o'er the way.

Hands and feet a-going,
Laughing, cooing, crowing,
Eyes of blue, dimples too.
Now she's slipped down on the floor;
Let's peep in the open door;
What can artist wish for more?

Papa's foot-rest! See her shove it!
Blue eyes peeping just above it!
Now just see her trembling try
To stand alone—sweet butterfly!

Now gaze into those liquid eyes
And note their dear unfeigned surprise,
As, sweetly singing "goo a goo"!
She throws a dainty kiss at you.

WELLSVILLE, N. Y.

LIFE.

LIFE'S a panorama, shifting, shifting,
(Prelude) Blackness lapsing into gray,
Grayness, fading, fading, dies-away.
Rosy morn with cloudlets drifting, drifting,
Through which sunbeams softly sifting, sifting,
Glint until the zenith of the day.
When, lo! A thunder-bolt! A flash! Oh, stay!
Too late! A heart is rent! (The *curtain's lifting*)
How changed the scene! And e'en while gazing, we
Scarce note the change, 'tis done so dexterously.
Behold! A sweet submissive peaceful haze,
So like the shortening Indian summer days,
And now the end! And if the life be true,
A bank of glory shows the sunset through.

SONG.

MEMORIAL DAY.

HAIL! Comrades, hail! The hour draws nigh
When patriot hearts beat proud and high,
When those who were our country's braves,
The living, with their martial tread,
The sleeping from their dreamless bed,
Have met around our patriot's graves.

CHORUS.

Then come, while sweet spring birds are singing,
And bud and blossom freshly springing,
We'll wreath the our country's sacred shrines
With fairest flowers and ivy vines,
And so a country's homage tell,
For those who fought and those who fell,
For freedom and the right.

Let spirits blend! Let fond hearts beat!
The hour is dear when comrades meet;
When those who served our country's need
With weary march and prison life,
With battle axe and bloody strife,
Have met to share our country's meed.

CHORUS.

The battle cry is heard no more;
Sweet peace resounds from shore to shore,
While o'er our land a free flag waves.
But see! they're standing with bowed head !
A host of heroes mourn their dead,
And victors weep o'er victor's graves.

A NATION'S MOURNING DAY.

WITHIN an ancient city near the waves,
I stand beside the Union soldiers' graves,
While, with the beating of the sea,
My heart makes tuneful melody,
On this a Nation's Mourning Day.

What means this motley throng, while drawing near
The soldiery in blue and gray appear?

They come! but not in war's array,
These boys in blue and boys in gray,
But bearing blossoms of the May.

Lo! Children robed in white now fondly spread
Vine-wreaths and flowers above the sleeping dead.

While silence holdeth feeling sway
O'er boys in blue and boys in gray,
While dropping blossoms of the May.

They march! and now within a gateway pause
Where lie bold champions of *surrendered cause*.

Pale women wreath, with purpose high,
The graves where their beloved lie;
Then boys in blue and boys in gray,
While dropping blossoms march away.

ST. AUGUSTINE, 1889.

LOVE IN A BOAT.

THERE'S a sweep to an oar that we never
forget,

When plied by a hand just proffered in love,
When the sun in his gladness forgetting to set,
Gilds the wavelets below, and the cloudlets
above,

With a smile of approval so gorgeous and gay,
That life in its newness is fair to behold.

With its drapings of purple, its settings of gold,
Its glory on glory far-reaching away,
Its undisturbed calm, like the calm of the bay,
Its unfettered trust,—while two hearts in their
greeting
Give forth but one sound like the oars in their
beating.

ALTAR MEMORIES.

O H, may my tongue no fonder strains repeat
Than those we sang about the mercy-seat,
When youthful knees were at the altar bent,
And youthful hearts were filled with one intent,
And aged saints sat nodding glad assent,
And every living thing breathed forth "Repent."

Oh, gladsome hour! when like a summer shower
Which swells the ready bud to perfect flower,
The Spirit comes, with quickening love and power,
To youthful hearts by scores, till every face
Bespeaks the joy of pardoning love and grace.
And when across the lengthening chain of years,
One feels again those trembling hopes and fears;
And when with sweet distinctness lo! he hears
Like ripples playing o'er a summer sea—
"Nearer my God to Thee! Nearer to Thee!"
As when it swelled from youthful hearts forgiven;
How passing sweet to still repeat,
In loving measure soft and sweet,
Those strains which linked our souls to Heaven.

PROTECT US FROM OUR FRIENDS.

AN ARYAN MYTH.

NEATH Pankatantra's time-worn lids is told
A tale, which doth an Aryan myth unfold.
An ape his watch with faithful care once kept
Beside the king, who all unconscious slept,
Nor dreamed of wrong or ill.
The moments came, the moments went, and lo!
There 'lights a bee upon that royal brow.
Fond ape would not that e'en the slightest sting
From sleep should rouse the loved and loving king.
And so at once the bee doth kill,
With saber stroke, well aimed in faithful troth
Of love to king, but ah! of death to both.

Adown the ages con we o'er the thought
By those far-off ancestral races wrought.
And mocking dwarf from Norway's hills doth deign
In merry mood to catch the distant strain,
And tell of wife who sewed with pride
Her husband's shirt, but left nor slit nor band
Though careful sewed she all the seams by hand.
She drew the garment o'er his head, dear soul,
And with a beetle sought to pound a hole

Through which his head and neck to slide.
In love each stroke fell long, and hard, and fast,
And Goody's husband's head came through at last,
And though his head was sadly crushed and torn,
'Twas done in love, and therefore must be borne.
Possessed of patience, lo! he died.

And now with trembling hand in later time,
Upon this saw we ring our homely chime.
When Love her fond and faithful keep would show,
In ignorance full oft she deals a blow;
Then deals and deals with all her might.
Poor Love knows neither how nor when to strike,
And works but ill to friend and foe alike;
While, writhing 'neath the blows which fondness
lends
Her victim cries "Protect us from our friends!"
While Love grown zealous in the fight
Repeats her service, till the treasured cause
Lies bleeding, then poor Love in tears withdraws.

FOR A BOY'S ALBUM.

AN angel, 'tis said, with one hand on your head,
With the other describeth around you,
A circle of honor so beauteous and rare,
A circle of virtue with tenderest care,
And within these sweet limits has bound you.

Oh, do not step over, dear boy, for your life!
For outside the circle armed vices are waiting,
The blood of their victims their greed never satiating;
Stay inside the circle, nor enter the strife.

A HOME BY THE SOUTHERN SEA.

O GIVE me a home by the warm Southern sea,
Where the playful waves bring a respite to me;
Where from New Years till March the sweet jessam-
ine bloom

Fills the eye with its beauty, the air with perfume;
And I almost can hear the tinkle and swell
Of the dear little yellow jessamine bell,
As it swings on its vine from the top of a tree,
And exultantly shakes its bright petals at me.

O give me a home by the warm Southern sea,
Where the Cherokee rose climbs the palmetto tree,
And sweetly peeps forth through perennial green,
Bedecking the months 'twixt the fair jessamine
And the magnolia grand, the Queen of the May,
The tree of the Southland, pride of the day,
The fountain of odors which scatter and fill
The fair summer flowers and sweet daffodil.

O give me a home by the warm Southern sea,
Where jubilant sunbeams dance over the lea,
Where with oars idly dropped I may float with the
tides,

Or rest in the hammocks which Nature provides;
While vines, creeping vines, come forth in an hour
And weave o'er my head a summer land bower;
Then opening soft eyes looking love and good will
They twine and keep twining unweariedly still.

O give me a home by the warm Southern sea,
Where lilies hang drooping from shrub and from
tree,
Where the fruit in all seasons is luscious and rare,
Where from May till December the soft balmy air
Fills the soul with a lazy delight as I lie
And list to the mocking birds twitter and cry;
Till, catching a glimpse of the gay holly tree,
As its bright berries tremble with radiant glee,
I am reminded that Christmas, glad Christmas is
near,
And that I have been dreaming for nearly a year.

WHEN NO ONE KNOWS.

WHEN the night is dark,
Void of e'en a spark,
Then your thoughts may glide
To the great "Outside."
You may live again
All the pleasant pain;
You may trembling wait
At the garden gate
If you choose,—
No one knows.

Live again the press
Of that last caress.
Gaze into those eyes
Filled with Love's replies,
As the dimming haze
Of those parting days
Shadowed them from sight,
In the gloom of night,
Gaze at ease,—
No one sees.

Speak, as though he heard,
Love's last spoken word,

Spoken low, so low,
In the long ago.
Speak it soft again;
It will ease the pain
Of that hour, when fate
Shut the garden gate.
Have no fears,—
No one hears.

Day is breaking. Go!
Seeds of gladness sow.
They will spring and flower
In a perfect bower
Where Love's fountains play.
Some true heart shall say
"All the bliss I know
Find I, Love, in you."
Heaven smiles
At *such* wiles.

THE COUNTRY LASS.

I DAILY meet a country lass
Along the pathway through the grass,
She maybe knows her face is sweet,
But if she does a meek deceit
Of innocence serves well to show
Those pretty charms, which dazzle so,
When worn by honest country girls
With rippling laugh and flowing curls,
And dainty blooms that come and go.

Sweet country lass! with head a-bobbing,
You set my weary heart a-throbbing,
Every time we meet and pass
Along the pathway through the grass.

IN MEMORIAM.

LITTLE GRACE.

LIKE the early glow of a summer day
In its sweet release from the gloom of night,
Lo! a fair, young babe in its cradle lay
With its ribbons pale and its robes of white.

And a new love came in a mother's heart,
A new light shone out from a father's eye,
And new hopes were born to become a part
Of two lives twice linked by this strange new tie.

Lo! a casket stood in a darkened room,
A white casket with flowers and green enwreathed,
And a sweet babe lay 'mid roses and bloom
And it smiled,—but only the roses breathed.

A low mound arose in a churchyard lone,
And the flowers sprang up in a single day,
And away in the heavens a new star shone,
And at night o'er the twain hung with kindly ray.

Years of days have set 'neath the shades of night,
And these two torn hearts are now reconciled,
For the kindly star with its pale sweet light
Wears ever the face of their cherub child.

WELLSVILLE, N. Y.

LIFE'S A LOAD OF NEEDLESS CARE.

LIFE'S a gift and so we dare not despise it.
We take it up ere we have caught our breath,
And bear it brave, or otherwise, till death.
From youth to manhood ardently we prize it,—
At sober fifty, fully realize it,—
And now its sternness quite bewildereth
The ups and downs, uncertainties, then death,—
A dreaded turn, and why should we disguise it.

So many lives are linked with ours, that we
Go freighted e'en through all eternity
With someone's sins, mayhap, or else we bear
Their follies for our daily respite, till they wear
Our souls to thinness, and in sheer despair
We cry, "Oh, life's a load of needless care."

WAITING AT THE DOCK.

IT is only a simple, a stray bit of scene,
A view from the dock of our fair Augustine
While watching the play of my fisherman's oar,
Who knows that I'm waiting for him on the shore.
'Twixt the dock and a landing just over the way
Is a track, where the steamers unceasingly play;
While crossing this track the white sailing boats go,
A dipping sometimes, and sometimes sailing slow.
Between shore and channel two pleasure yachts pose
And blush as a schooner in every-day clothes,—
A fruit-laden schooner with storm-battered sides,
This gorgeous harbor triumphantly rides.

The new moon bewildered, like one half asleep
Is watching her lover flirt with the deep.
He, blinding her eyes with a treacherous glance,
Keeps smiling the while at the wavelets askance.
And now, disappearing, fond sympathy draws
The moon to the waves by love's mutual loss,
And home-coming boatmen, while nearing the shore
Grow still, as the moaning waves silvered o'er,
Repeat sad refrains, while the pale patient moon
From watching grown weary, goes out in a swoon.

THE SWINGING DOOR.

I'M looking for somebody down the street;

For some one I never expect to meet;

For somebody tall, and so young and fair,

Who used to be loitering about the stair,

And waiting to walk with me over the stile.

He carried my books for me once in a while,

As we both passed through the swinging door,

In those dear old college days of yore.

He's married and happy and so am I;

I wouldn't meet him for the world, not I,

For fear that one or the other might trace,

By some chance word or confusion of face,

The dear little secret we kept so well,

The secret so open that all could tell,

Which we in our innocence thought to keep best,

By guarding it safe, each within our own breast.

Time proves it was best it was never confessed,

As we both passed through the swinging door

In those dear old college days of yore.

I'm looking for somebody down the street;

For someone I never expect to meet;

But somehow or other I love to look,
And all I can see is a boy with his book;
And just at his side is my own little elf—
My girl of sixteen—my Gertrude herself.
They've unearthed an heirloom, so pretty it seems,
To their foolish young hearts with their fanciful
dreams.

'Tis the secret which he, his father and I;
Hid away in our hearts so careful and sly
As we both passed through the swinging door
In those dear old college days of yore.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

WHAT'S the matter d' you say? Why 'tis
Thanksgiving Day,
And we always have turkey and sweets.
Dear brother Wake stoned the raisins for cake,
Ma and I seasoned all of the meats.

She was working away, oh, so happy and gay,
And the pepper-box stood by her side.
I sprinkled the goose, but the cover was loose,
And my mamma,—she just stood and cried.

Now I thought that there must just a wee bit of dust
Have gotten somehow in her eyes,
But she sent me away to the store-room to play,
And I put my fist into the pies.

Now I ran out of there with a very great scare,
And my mamma was telling the rest,
How that some little sinner had spoiled all the din-
ner,
“Oh, just look at his fist!” said Vest.

Now a portion of paste to my knuckles stuck fast,
And oh! think how I felt when they all

Just looked me up and down and put on such a
frown,
Till my papa came into the hall.

Then they told him how I had been into the pie,
How of pepper some more than an ounce
I had poured from the box, just as sly as a fox,
And he said I deserved a good trounce.

Then he gave me a hug, and he tore up the rug
And he frightened the cat from the door.
And he mussed mamma's gown while a-smothering
her frown,
And her very best gown, too, she wore.

Now you see we were dressed everyone in his best,
And 'twas all very charming and nice.
And our papa did pray on this Thanksgiving Day,
And we all sat as still as a mice.

'NEATH THE COTTONWOOD TREES.

LET one who sips life's tears with strange de-
light,
And finds in sobs and sighs life's harmony,
Go out beneath the cottonwood trees at night,
And there repent the laughter of the day.
Then listen to the rustling of the leaves
Like steady rain-fall from the homestead eaves,
And listening, weep and pray,
But on the morrow hie away;
It is not well to dwell there all the weary while.
To-night we weep and pray, to-morrow toil and
smile,
But the cottonwoods weep and smile,
All the night and all the day.

THE BANQUET.

THE banquet is spread and the feast ne'er so gay
Is enlivened with laughter and jesting to-night.
There are faces with seams, there are locks that are
gray,
There are forms that are bent but with hearts that
are light;
For the clasp of a hand which we held in our youth,
As we climbed up the steeps of fair science and
truth,
Sends a thrill and a throb and a bound to the heart;
Till the pulses of life into new channels start,—
The burdens are lifted, the shadows depart.

Our places are vacant, we may not be there,
I wonder if any will look the crowd o'er,
For our faces so faded and wrinkled with care,
To appear at the hall or banquet room door.
O, quick! Send a message, and in it you say:
“Dear comrades, we're with you in spirit to-day.”
Then let us contentedly number them o'er
As in youth and in beauty they gathered of yore
With their hands full of books and their heads full
of lore.

They will speak of each class, of the ones that are
gone;

They will number our dead, while to us in our
dreams,

The dead and the living unite, one by one,

In a welcome so hearty and life-like it seems,
That I fancy a school year about to begin,
And imagine the lesson-bell tolling it in,
While the stile and the walk and the great college
door

Are crowded with forms I have seen there before,
And no one is missing — no eyes running o'er
With tears for the lost who shall come nevermore.

IN MEMORIAM.

FREDA.

ONLY lilies and roses with her could compare,
And the violets upspringing here, there, every-
where,

From the gay morning dawn to the late evening's
close.

She made gladder our joys and serener our woes,
By shedding o'er all her luscious perfume
Like the mingling sweets from the garden of bloom.
But the lilies must fade 'neath the hot scorching sun;
The roses must fall when the northern winds blow,
And the violets shut their dear eyes one by one,
And reluctant lie sleeping down under the snow.

But the germ of the flower remains to the spring,
Then springs up afresh in its new wakening
And cheers by its beauty and fragrance again
Till we in our joy forget parting and pain.

Sweet Freda, your floweret, has had her brief hour,
And has risen again a more beauteous flower.
She has loved you and cheered you and gone to her
rest;

And He who hath said "Let them come unto Me!"

Now folds her with little ones close to His breast,
And of such shall the kingdom—the Heaven-
home be.

THE UNAVAILING TEAR.

I WONDER if the unavailing tears we shed
O'er vain desires, will one day rise
Like dews absorbed by sunny skies,
To fall in floods of full fruition on our heads.

I wonder if the unavailing tears we shed
Will wear the rock of destiny,
Till through its fissures we shall see
Fruition's gleams by Heaven's own sunshine fed.

I wonder if the unavailing tears we shed
In God's great palm will overflow,
And trickling down bring patience so
That we can wait for Heaven's fruition in earth's
stead.

1885.

WE'VE SUNG TOGETHER.

IN the stillness of night when the world is asleep,
When the bright-tinted twilight enveloped in
blue

Like a sentinel, guardeth the day life from view,
And the stars one by one from behind the blue peep,
And my soul in its respite from labor and care
Holdeth silent commune with the spirits of air,
How the present fades blindingly into the past,
Till I stand on the threshold of childhood at last,
Just as careless and wild as when playing with toys,
Or wading the brook with the girls and the boys;
Those dear country urchins, so lithesome and free,
As pure as the snow-flakes that melt in the sea;
Or, again, like the dew-drops that tremble and shake
On the briars and ferns that grow close by the lake,
Where we gathered the pebbles and counted them
o'er

As we wandered in pairs on the gray sandy shore;
And watched the bright sunlight steal downward
and then,

After tipping the wave-tops returning again,
And tinging the sky that the earth should not vie,
In her gay crimsoned robes with the glory on high.

The night air is clear, and how plainly I hear
Each laugh in its sweetness ring out loud and clear;
It is said that the best have gone down to their rest,
Yet I hear each soft note as it swelled from the
 throat

Of my loved as we rode in our new painted boat;
And listened, then laughed at our happy refrain
Echoed back to our ears from the shore-land again.
Happy thought! Now I know that the far distant
 notes

Which we hear as we sail in our tempest-tossed
 boats,

Are our own happy songs of our innocent youth
Echoed back by our angels of light and of truth.
And so we have sung altogether once more
A part from our life-boats and part from the shore.
And thus 'twixt ourselves and our angels of light,
May the links be kept ever with love burnished
 bright,

And when in life's chorus we miss a sweet strain,
Let us list if from Heaven we may catch it again,
With a glorified trill that shall 'liven and thrill
Our cold bosoms, in patience and love to fulfill
All the measure of melody, sweetness and grace,
Which amid the dark lines of our lives we may
 trace.

May we tune our worn harps to the songs of the
 blest,

And when in our singing we come to the "rest,"
Pause a moment, and then go on singing again,
As our angels have done in a glorified strain.
And someone may hear when the night-air is clear,
And everything rests save the throbbing of breasts,
Our glorified strain, which shall lessen their pain,
And help them to take up life's labor again.
And so we shall sing all together once more,
A part from our life-boats and part from the shore.

THE OLD YEAR.

A NOTHER year is breathing out its life so still;
A year with many changes fraught of good
and ill;

Ah, yes! a year of hopes destroyed and hopes ful-
filled;

And can we say that God the Father all hath willed?

Or hath our own proud hearts some bitter pangs
untold,

As here we sit and wait the glad New Year to greet;
The young obtrusive year which comes with hurry-
ing feet,

To gather to its grave the dying and the old?

Oh, God ! Thy sympathetic ear alone shall hear
The unbreathed prayer, or note the unspent tear,
As tolls the bell which tells the fate of one more
year,

And brings the final change more near, and still
more near.

DO YOUR GOOD FOR THE SAKE OF ITSELF.

SOME people are governed by motives of self,
Or some other mean motive, in all that they do.
Why not do your good for the sake of itself
And not with a ten per cent. profit in view?
Why go clinging and clanging your deeds in the ear
Of a public unheeding and selfish and blind,
Or wait for their "bids" like a lank auctioneer
With a visage unwholesome, unloving, unkind,
When the best of your efforts go far below cost
And are prized least by those who should prize
them the most?

If e'er you've befriended a man on the street
Just try to forget it as soon as you can;
If he gives you a kick the next time that you meet
Accept it with patience; he's only a man.
And a man is a man; he's only the human—
The residue left after fashioning woman—
Each good that you do makes you less of a brute,
And brings you a step or two nearer the throne.

The recipient's lips may be ever so mute,
There's a feeling of conscious good wholly your
own.

Then go to your task of daily well-doing,
Nor the praises of men be forever pursuing.

AN ARBOR DAY PLEA.

(LITTLE MISS SPEAKS.)

YE herds that haunt the country ways,
Ye lowing kine with threatening horns,
E'en birds abruptly cease their lays,
And leave their nests among the thorns,
Where'er ye tread with reckless hoof.
While bleeding bloom its fragrance sheds,
And violets tremble in their beds,
And frightened children stand aloof.
E'en struggling maples browsed and gnawed,
By your dread presence over-awed,
For mercy cry, with ceaseless pleas,
But only to be crushed and bleed;
A victim to the farmer's greed;
While ye graze on with careless ease.

(CLASS IN CHORUS.)

The farmer's greed's the farmer's sin.
Oh, won't you shut your cattle in?
Please shut your cattle in, my friend,
And let the clovers bob and bend,
Along the highways — and the daisies

They will sweetly nod your praises;
While every rose-crowned laughing child,
Your name will shout in transport wild.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

DEDICATED TO "JOE" AND "EURIE."

WE come to-day, the old friends and the new,
Our offerings of welcome bringing;
Some, at the altar smiled with you,
And at the bier, with tender clinging,
Have many waited till the night was gone,
And resignation o'er your darkness shone.
And not alone we come, e'en now there waits
A throng unseen, within your very gates.

Propitious hour, when friends of other years,
Kind, honest faces reappearing,
May stand and gaze, 'mid smiles or blinding tears
On scenes in bud or scenes in sereing.
What playful shades! What darkening shadows, too,
Yet seen to-day, so lovely, fair to view.
Those cloudless tints with dreamy beauty glow,
Not less those clouds with heaven-light shining
through.

Throw open wide the doors, and have no fear,
Let guests explore, e'en to the rafters,

There are no skeletons in closets *here*,
No goblins with their hideous laughters.
There sits grim Death! But just a pace above
Sit sweet Submission, Victory and Love.
The last sustains the first while Victory crowns,
And sweetly smiles at Death's forbidding frowns.

Be glad that though your hearts have oft been
stirred

Their unison has ne'er been broken,
And each unto the other has not erred
By treacherous thought unbreathed or spoken.
Now say, if life were young again or new,
The altar crowned, the guests awaiting you,
And you about to draw aside the curtain
Dividing all the future, long, uncertain,
From youth's brief hour of richly tinted pleasures,
And Father Time should open up his treasures
And picture forth your path through fifty years,
The fainting sickness, smiles, and drowning tears,
With all the kind and thoughtful courtesies
Of each to each, of children none the less,
Would you repeat the vow? You would? Then go
You foolish lovers! Do not tremble so!
Renew your troth! If anyone object
Speak out! Or ever after recollect
To let this honored couple go in peace
Till Death shall bring to them a glad surcease.

It must be sweet, beneath the slanting rays
Of life's autumnal sun declining,
To count your fifty nuptials told in days,
And note the shadow and the shining,
And wait the slowly deepening after-glow
With one you trusted in the *long ago*,
And feel the sweet content of love requited
That glows in lives thus happily united.

Your hospitality has oft been told,
And these to-day who bring you greeting,
Your names in grateful memory will hold
Till life shall cease its busy beating.
Without, November chills the air to-day,
Within, there floats the perfumes of the May;
So you, while passing down life's wintry hours,
Enjoy the fragrance of your well-earned flowers.
Possess your souls in patience and in peace,
Nor scorn life's simple joys and ecstacies.
And when your latest sunset you behold,
May all your sky be tinged as now, with gold.

LITTLE DICK'S PRAYER.

DEAR Mamma! won't you, when you pray,
Ask God to make me, in one day,
As big as brother Tom or Joe?
Ask him to make me just as strong,
With hands as big and arms as long,
But not just like them, Ma, you know.

You know they do not love to work,
And that they very often shirk,
And sometimes, Mamma, even pout
When asked by you a pail to bring
Of water, from the meadow spring
With violets blooming all about.

If only I could climb the rail
With such a bouncing water pail,
I'd run and laugh and gaily sing,
To think that I was helping you,
So sweet, so kind, so good and true,
A bringing water from the spring.

Oh, tell Him, Ma, how oft you sigh,
Until it almost makes me cry;
And tell Him all about your cough.

Now go, dear Mamma, go and pray,
That God will make me big *to-day*,
Tell Him I *must be big right off*.

Now bring a suit of Tommy's clothes.
No! Joe's are bigger, bring me Joe's.

And while you pray I'll stand and grow.
And when my clothes begin to pinch,
I'll take them off, I'll never flinch,
But naked stand from top to toe.

And when I'm grown up big I'll call
Or rap a little on the wall;

And then I'll dress myself and go
And bring the water, split the wood,
And be so very kind and good,

You'll never sigh again I know.

HAZLEROOD.*

THE broad Southern sky on fair Hazleroode
Beach

Is zoned by the ocean and far away reach
Of bright evergreen, while a ribbon of river
With breeze-fluted edges and centre a quiver,
Adds sky-tinted hues to the landscape of green;
Like a vein of soft humor it laughs in between
The sameness of tones, which are wont to prevail,
Now heightened and cheered by a free spreading
sail.

The sunsets and sunrisings wholesomely vie
In decking with splendor the over-arched sky;
The twilight, amazed, is now blinking in glee
At her own mirrored self in the clouds o'er the sea,
While the sea tranquil lies 'neath the overhung hues
In stilled admiration unwitting the ruse;
The Twilight withdraws with a quick look of scorn,
The coquettish East now divested and lorn,
And wrapped in the darkness and blackness and
gloom,
Now spreads o'er her lover the pall of the tomb.

* North Beach, Florida.

But Day will arise and triumphantly smile
In lavish endearment o'er all the broad isle,
When the denizens' children will shout without fear
In chorus with crowings of proud chanticleer,—
A fatherly pioneer fowl by the way
Which announces the first faint appearance of day.
Both great fish and small inquisitive glide,
To watch the fair bathers at play with the tide.
Bold Waltons, annoyed, with a well-baited hook
Securely fasten their gaze as they look.
The tiny beach-clam fears the sand piper well;
Its offspring coquina its praises shall swell
As long as yon city looms up on the sight;
The pride of the past with its glory and might
Enhanced by its castled walls, turrets and towers,
And courts where the fountains make love to the
flowers,
And wealth and luxuriance lavishly pours
A profusion of choices to guests at her doors.
Oh, Proud Alma Mater! Sweet haven of rest!
In graceful obeisance our waves rise and fall,
While health-laden breezes are lovingly pressed
Against the pale cheeks of the humblest guest,
Whether comes he from hovel, or comes he from
hall,
Please pin this new charm to thy gem-spangled
breast.

TWO BUTTERFLIES.

A BUTTERFLY, with wings all golden-tipped,
Alighted on a fair bouquet
Which on a dear girl's bosom lay.
She sweetly smiled, while it the sweetness sipped.
We had been chatting, she and I,
To while the passing moments by;
But ne'er a word dared either utter
For fear a breath's untimely flutter
Might fright the pretty thing away,
And in the silence, as it lay,
Or tipped, and sweetness fondly sipped,
And she a-smiling, ruby-lipped;
I thought, "You sweet coquet
You'll break some poor heart yet."
But ne'er a word —
It might have stirred!

THE DONATION.

SHALL I ever forget the donations we gave
To good "Preacher Baxter at home" by the
wave?

To the man who had served us through woe and
through weal,
In our old country church with a heavenly zeal,
And a love all inspiring, and Christ-like and real?

We carried him turkeys, and cheese and mince-pies,
And what's better than all, carried love in our eyes,
And a purse full of silver untarnished by greed,
With no long-winded speecher to show up his need.
The women, each one in her best cap and laces,
The men, in their homespun with well-shaven
faces,

The swains with their glances so tenderly sweet
At the maidens so shy and so daintily neat,
Made a picture by candle-light strangely complete.

But oh! 'twas the ride o'er the crisp creaking snow,
Out under the moonlight alone with my beau;
With my *first beau*; somehow that keeps coming
between

My old eyes and the rest of the donation scene,
As the azure is dimmed by the shimmer and sheen
Of the glory-light tinging the far floating gray,
As the sun shines askance at the close of the day.

G

'TWIXT TWO ETERNITIES.

IFE is a span 'twixt two eternities,
L And men, like spiders, weaving as they go,
Work out designs of beauty or of woe.
Heredity and circumstances, these,
Combine to make the work a thing of ease,
Or, frowning, make it toilsome, wearying, slow,
And so at halting pace, we fettered go.
He weaveth well who weaves in spite of these,
An heirloom to his race of noble thought,
So finely and so delicately wrought,
That evening suns wait lovingly to kiss,
And evening dews bedeck with trembling rife
This network 'twixt the two eternities—
This only thing that's worth the name of "Life."

THE TWIN STATUES.

A LEGEND OF THE PASSAMAQUADY.

ON the Passamaquady Bay,
So the Redman's legends say,
Lived a dusky daughter duteous
On the headlands, bold and beauteous.
Ne'er was maid more sweet or pure,
And a Sachem came to woo her;
Came with beads and gifts to wake her,
Came with vows to ne'er forsake her,
And the aged pair said "Take her."

Then he clasped the joyous creature,
Gazed with rapture on each feature,
Clasped her to his strong, brave heart,
And now made ready to depart.
But this aged pair had taught her
That though bride she still was daughter;
That though they for gifts had sold her
Still they owned her and controlled her,
And they willed to keep and hold her.

So they dwelt there all together,
Till life's chill and wintry weather

Had touched with frost the gloomy pair,
And then they longing turned them where
The St. John's murmuring waters play.
But now the younger pair would stay.
Then the father's anger heightened,
Till the woman grew affrighted
But the husband's face now brightened.

The bride with bowed head sat weaving
Strips of bark, with sweet deceiving,
When Sachem whispered, soft and low,
"My dark-cheeked bride shall never go!"
She his love glance quick returning
Filled his savage breast with yearning.
Now softly said he, "Stay my bride!
And stir not while I cross the tide!"
Her hands dropped idly at her side.

He leaped into his birch canoe
And quickly o'er the waters flew.
He scarce had reached the farther side
When o'er the face of his dark bride
Passed stony hue! From across the water
"Behold!" he cries, "Your duteous daughter!"
The father smiled, but turning round
His daughter changed to stone he found.
In wrath he gave one mighty bound.

But lo! The same sad, stony hue
O'erspread the Sachem's features too.
And there they sat in sweet content,
Each one a gazing monument,
Till age succeeding age had cast
A halo round their mythic past.
When idle wanton louts at play
Rolled now the Sachem in the Bay
With laugh and jeer, then strolled away.

But still she sits, the faithful bride,
And murmurs tell at eventide
Of messages that come and go,
Borne by the ceaseless ebb and flow,
From her to him, from him to her.
And still she sits, lone worshiper!

Oh, ye Anglo-Saxon race!
Ever ready to deface
Every dim and distant trace
Of the Redman from our land,
With audacious, wanton hand.
Could ye desperadoes spare not,
Could your wanton hands forbear not,
To spoil what men of valor dare not?
E'en a monument so hoary
Of the Redman's pride and glory?
Match your shame beside this story.

COLDNESS AMONG CHURCH MEMBERS.

WE'VE a church, a brick church, 'tis the pride
of our town;
With its peaks sloping up, and its eaves sloping
down,
With its turrets and towers, its altars and spires,
With its gay chandeliers, but alas! with no fires.
With a space overhead so expansive and high,
And a coloring soft as the over-arched sky,
And with windows through which rays of purple
and gold
Creep in silence and beauty, but oh! it is cold.

We sit in our pews and we shiver and shake,
But 'tis not at the law's fiery terrors we quake.
The thermometer's down e'en to thirty degrees
And who would not prefer a fire to a freeze?
Must we to escape from the furnace of sin
Be both frozen without and frozen within?
Must we to be sure of perennial bliss,
To be saved in the next world, be frozen in this?

WELLSVILLE, N. Y., 1874.

DAY-BIRTH.

A SOUTHERN sunny day is born,
Night, fleeing, gazes back forlorn,
While dew-washed dandelions raise
Sunward their eyes, and offer praise,
Then droop beneath the dazzling rays,
While lily-cups their odors bring
Incense to Spring.

The climbing roses open wide,
Chameleons 'neath their petals hide,
And, masked in borrowed livery,
All wanton in the sun-spray lie,
And 'neath a veiled identity,
Their ruby flash they soft disclose
Beneath the rose,—

While Day in wakeful silence lies,
In hushed suspense of glad surprise.
Be still! oh soul! nor break the spell
In silent throbs thine homage tell.
A sound! a song! a chorus swell
From glad birds joined in ecstacies.
Hold, Soul! thy peace!

DAME GRUMBLEBEE.

DAME Grumblebee, as she sipped her tea,
Cried "Fate has been so unkind to me."

With face drawn in
And pointed chin,

She told her woes to her neighbors three,
Who came invited to sip her tea.
Now each had care and grief tenfold,
But ne'er a tale of sorrow told.

You would have thought Dame Grumblebee
With face drawn in
And pointed chin,

Bore all the sorrows of the three
Her own beside, as, pouring tea
She poured her woes continuously.

OLD VOICES.

OFT times, amid the din of human life
Is heard a voice; it falls upon the ear
Like trickling waters, when the floods of strife
Are stayed with hearty song and loving cheer.
We start and list, then list and start again
With that keen pleasure half akin to pain;
For, all the chords of life and being strung
In harmony with youth, have each a tongue
To echo tones of love and words of cheer,
Which fall in sweetest cadence on the ear,
When words ne'er cover selfish, artful wiles,
And hearts are told in frankly spoken smiles.
And so the face may wear its mask of care,
The form may bend 'neath weight and toil and
years,
But, oh! *that* voice! I'd know it anywhere.
'Tis soft as when it told its hopes and fears,
In whisperings sweet, to willing girlish ears.

CENTENNIAL ODE.

IF e'er our land had need of honest men,
Men made of gold and tried by furnace fires,
'Tis now, to-day, this year of glory when
We boast ourselves the sons of patriot sires.
And yet we mourn a nation steeped in sin;
Soaked half in fraud, the other half in gin.
And, men, well taught in problems, 'tis for you
To solve this mighty problem, "What to do!"
God help ye noble lads, at college taught;
Bring heads and hands to this as then ye brought
Your energies and talents all combined,
In books the unknown from the known to find.
And come ye plowmen brave and brown and true,
A place there is in this great field for you.
Plow ye the soil, the fallow ground of sin,
And God shall drop the seed and sunshine in.
Let no one dare with frivolous smile to tell
Of cushioned ease, and life all freed from care
In this sad world, where wrong and error dwell,
And passion lords it over blank despair;
Where licensed vice the wrath of God defies,
And dares to point its altars to the skies,
While private stairways leading down to hell,

Are thronged with countless victims none may tell,
As though yon myriad stars in downward flight
Had robbed of half its glory, gorgeous night.
America! The land of tavern signs!
Of toddies hot, and red and purple wines!
Our Country! Woman do you love the name?
Then recognize your country's lawful claim,
And train your sons to seek her future weal,
Nor at her crib the golden grain to steal.
'Tis but an eagle clipped it seems to me,
Which screams "America! Land of the noble, free!"
If e'er he spread his wings from tip to tip
Complete, full feathered, sound in pith and bone,
'Twill be when boyhood learns from mother's lip
To covet manhood for its sake alone.
Your boy to-day is stretching for that goal,
Now say if you would have him soil his soul
With franchise, blacked and smeared with party strife,
Or cut and shaped and fashioned with the knife
Of policy,—that thin, well-sharpened blade,
So keenly cutting that the blood is stayed,
Till victims, writhing, see nor spot nor stain
To mark the inflicting hand which dealt the pain.
Now place on him your mother hand of prayer,
And say if you would have him idly share
In gains ill got; because where legions steal,
His track, perchance, submerged 'neath weightier
 heel

Might lie unnoticed and unmeasured, when
In spirit of inquiry, honest men,
Through the thick darkness peering, scowl and cry
Of fraud, and crime, and theft, in places high.
From plastic mould which 'neath your hands doth lie
Build ye each one a structure, strong and high!
Yea structures, measured by the number given
Of human souls, into your hands, by Heaven.
What piles of human crime and weakness stand
To-day to mar this proud centennial land!
Dark blots to curse and shame this free-named soil
Pledged by ancestral blood to honest toil.
What towers of strength ye fashion, when ye build
These living columns, free from outward gild,
Well framed in truth, inlaid with proper thought
Of liberty in deeds of manhood wrought.
Where truth and honor blend to form the layers,
Cemented by maternal love and prayers,
And lighted up with faith, complete, sublime,
Eternal ray which glorifies the things of time.
But hark! ye comrades, list how loud and clear
Ring out those bells which usher in the year;
Which tells a century of wealth and weal,
All freed from tyrant's chain and despot's heel.
What discord this, which grates and jars, as when
Prose writers tip with rhyme their faulty pen,
Till all the muses shake and press their lips,
Or fill their fairy ears with finger-tips.

What is it, I say, this low, discordant wail,
Which freights with heavy woe each passing gale?
While bugles play in measure soft and sweet
For toil-worn, weary, and untutored feet;
Which staggering, halt, and rests forbidden take,
While drunken revelry and riot make
A strange commingling of song and brawl,
A liberty o'ercast by slavish thrall.
I love the name of liberty, but oh!
I loathe it when the vile her mantle throw
O'er wrong and lust, and licensed fiendish crime,
The curse and bane of this, our boasted time.
Give me your hand, ye strong and noble band,
That ere the next centennial bells shall ring,
Of "Liberty" America may sing,
And ne'er one heart 'mid scenes like this shall pray,
"God save and pity sham America!"

SONNET OF YEARS.

1890.

SONNET of Years! America's proud song!
Despairing years and hopeful, mingling strains
Have sung in halting measure weird quatrains,
Which, clasped by God's o'eruling love and strong,
Couplet divine, now sweetly flow along
The rhythmic homage of a nation's gains,
The glad accord of patient toil and pains,
While Faith, in echoes swells a fond prolong.

Thy legislation savors less of taints,
Exalted womanhood knows less of tears,
Intemperance sits of half its glamour shorn,
While pillars of false creeds lie razed and worn.
Forgive! oh, Years! discordant, hopeless plaints,
Of those who lacked the patience born of years:

MY TWO SWEETHEARTS.

I WAS only ten, and she was just three,
Sweet Adelaide May, when she sat on my knee,
And put up her face with a winning grace,
To claim a kiss as her childish right,—
Two every morning and two every night.

I grew to be twenty and she thirteen,
And then the kisses grew farther between,
But lo! in their place, with a girlish grace,
She now slipped a smile so sweet and so pure,
That it only drew me the nearer to her.

And now I am thirty and she twenty-three,
And another sweet Adelaide sits on my knee,
And puts up her face with a winning grace,
And claims a kiss as *her* queenly right;
While her mother sits by with a fond delight,
And talks of the days in the long ago
When she sat on my knee and did just so.

NORMA'S TELEPHONE.

I WISH that I could reach a string
From earth to Heaven, so I could sing
A song to sister May, and she
Could sing an answering song to me.

I should not dare to go astray,
Or say bad words when at my play,
For fear the telephone would bear
The tidings upward through the air.

And when the nights were bright and clear,
How sweet 't would be for me to hear
Her ringing voice from out the sky;
How sweet to her, too, my reply.

I'd sing the songs she used to love,
And she the new ones learned above,
The ones she's learned at Jesus' feet;
They must be wondrous clear and sweet.

When Jesus comes to hear my prayer,
I'll ask Him if He'll take it there
—This telephone — then when I'm sad
She'll sing to me and make me glad.

And I shall learn before I go
Those heavenly songs that charm her so;
Come, Jesus, come, and bear away
This telephone to Sister May.

H

BY CHANCE.

WELL! What of life, old friends, since last we met,

With book in hand adown the college walk,
Or round the stile—sweet picture living yet—

Or at the pump, which creaked to hide our talk?
Those chats of unlearned tasks, of books and weather;

Those sweet discursive threads which knit together
In dreamy consciousness our souls as one,
While basking in life's summer, morning sun.

What lessons have you conned and learned since
then,

While dealing with yourselves and fellow-men?

What of your standing in the school of life?

How have you braved its struggles and its strife?

Hide not your scars! They tell of victories gained
O'er foes without, and fiercer foes within.

The victor's banner leads the march, though stained,
When borne in triumph over self and sin.

Propitious hour! when friends of by-gone years
Have met, by chance, to breathe their hopes and
fears,

To count their crosses and their crowns together
Beneath the shade of life's autumnal weather.

Didst ever toss, old friends, till break of day,
Then watch dim daylight chase the black away,
Then list to full-fledged choir of sweetest praise,
Such as the summer birds are wont to raise,
Then doze, and dream, and wake between, and
smile—

The silver edging all the gray the while—
Till all your soul was rested and inspired
And with great purpose filled; your being fired
With glowing wish to do, or dare, or die
For Honor's sake? Then gently I reply,
The healthy zeal which springs from scenes like this
Is as replete in measure and in bliss.

TENTING ON SODUS BAY.

WE'VE pitched our tent 'neath the cottonwood
trees,

Near by where the lilies grow;

The leaves are stirred by each passing breeze,

The rushes are nodding low.

And e'en the lilies are trying to hide

Their heads, as the boats go by.

And life, sweet life, breathes on every side,

And swiftly the moments fly,

As over the rippling silvery bay

Fond lovers and anglers idly play.

A ribbon of land to a wooden pier clings,

A bluff to a sand-bar white,

And 'twixt these two, where a light-house flings

Its draw-bridge of shades at night,

A channel flows, where loaded ships wait

For the tug with its busy wheels,

And eager fishermen cast their bait,

And the boys set their lines for eels;

While over the rippling, silvery bay,

Fond lovers and anglers idly play.

Oft times I stay, when my loved ones go,

And play in the pebbly sand,

And watch *my two* as they quickly row

Far out o'er the lake from land.

I know my oarsman is skilled with the oar;

I know that my boy is brave;

But as farther and farther away from shore

They ride on the rolling wave,

I wish they would stay on the rippling bay,

Where lovers and idlers angle and play.

They love to ride when the waves roll high,

And white-caps tumble and play;

Then proudly their oars they doubly ply,

And rock in the dashing spray,

Till their cheeks grow red and their muscles strong,

Then, with never a thought of ill,

They turn about with a laugh and a song,

And hunger repays their skill,

As homeward they fly o'er the rippling bay,

Where lovers and anglers idly play.

I love to ride when the tent-lights glow,

And the bay, with its silvery sheen,

Is covered with oars dipping fast and slow,

With sweet music and laughter between.

But oh, the joy of a morning troll !

When the sky is hid by a vapor thin,

The joy ecstatic which thrills the soul
When hauling a pickerel in,
As o'er the dark blue rolling bay,
The pattering rain drops dance and play.

THE FIRST EASTER.

AT THE MEMORIAL CHURCH.

SWEET hyacinths and roses lay on a bank of ferns,
Beneath the altar, smiling, and paled and blushed by turns,
As radiant Easter Lilies bent o'er them from above,
And through a fringe of smilax, soft whispered,
“God is love!”
While sentry lilies stationed beneath the spreading palms,
On shields all white and fragrant, presented Easter alms.
And all along the altar “The Christ is Risen!” breathed,
From jessamines and roses, by loving fingers wreathed.
While glad the organ pealing resounded to the dome,
And many sweet-voiced singers brought well the music home.
Till “Christ is Risen!” echoed from pulpit and from pews,
Mayhap some sweet-voiced angel caught up the joyful news,

And Heaven-wafted echoes of service found their
way
Before the Christ, our Saviour, on that glad Easter
day.

ST. AUGUSTINE, 1886.

NAMING THE TREE.

I'M a merry little maid,
With my pick, and hoe and spade,
And I'm digging, digging, digging everywhere;
Late this little sapling stood
In a dark and leafy wood,
And kept nodding, nodding at the maiden-hair;
While the moss kept creeping, creeping,
And the violets peeping, peeping,
With those longing eyes so tender, and so blue;
But the sapling grew so slender, and I knew
'Twas for its good. I shut my eyes—
But oh, you should have heard the sighs!
As I struck the fatal blow
Which brought terror, and such woe,
To the moss and maiden-hair,
And the violets springing there.

I'm a merry little maid,
With my pick, and hoe and spade,
And I'm digging, digging, digging everywhere.
On this pleasant Arbor Day,
'Mid the perfumes of the May,

I transplant this sapling with the tenderest care.

Let each, with shovel in his hand,

Deposit here a bit of sand.

Please don't harm the maiden-hair so true,

Nor creeping moss, with the violets peeping through,

I wonder if 'neath sunny skies

Will swell to heavenly rhapsodies

These youthful loves, nursed in the wood,—

Oh, if they only, only could!

Or do the giant oaks outgrow

Their youthful loves, as people do?

I'm a merry little maid,

With my pick, and hoe and spade,

And I'm digging, digging, digging everywhere.

Longfellow to his loves was true,

His name I now bequeathe to you,

An inspiration may it be of virtues rare.

May the moss keep creeping, creeping,

And violets keep peeping, peeping,

Emblems of the loves his manhood knew.

May thy heart of oak like his be always true,

And may thy branches o'er us sway,

And in their rustling accents say,

Repeating, oft, his "Psalm of Life,"

To us who come, worn with the strife;

And may its wisdom guide our way,

Until shall dawn our Arbor Day.

OUR DEAD CHIEF.

1882.

WHAT means this badge of mourning floating far?

From hill to vale, from vale to sheltered heath,
While, bordering everywhere the stripe and star,
A line of blackness marks a trail of death.

Somewhere, a voice is hushed, a heart is stilled;
A kindly heart enshrined throughout the land;
Else why the air with groans of anguish filled
While weeping mourners throng on every hand?

A Nation groans. Be calm, oh, Nation! Yield!
Nor stand aghast when death but claims his own.
But lo! The cry from forest and from field,
From palace and from cot the plaintive moan:

“Our chief is dead! our noble chief is dead!”
Like Rachel we will not be comforted,
For he is dead! and all we hold instead
For all the helpless sorrow, tears and pains,
Is one poor execrable wretch in chains.

FRUITION IN SHADOW.

BRIGHT day had faded into sober night,
As along a Southern sandy beach they strolled,
A youth and mother; she with sweet content
Gazed in his eyes replete with life unspent.
Bold targets showed against the sandy height
Where riflemen that day their scores had told.
The youth pressed on. She, clinging, also went.
And ever and anon the wild waves rolled.

“Along your path life’s targets rise,” she said.
“Mean-handed Fate her favors oft have doled.
Defy her, boy! and with unerring aim,
Win thou the prize, a clean, unsullied name.
The outshoot of a cultured heart and head
Your prize—a medal of eternal gold—
Shall far out-last the proffered gifts of fame.”
And ever and anon the wild waves rolled.

Alone upon that sandy shore at night
He stood in after years, in manhood bold;
A mother’s guiding words had worked her will,
And with a soul alive with noble thrill,
Fruition crowned; with laurels fresh and bright,

He came once more his mother's hand to hold.
He reached and clasped—but air. The waves
 stood still.
And then as if to drown his cries they rolled,
Then pulsed in mournful beats as lone he strolled.

A MINE OF THOUGHT.

HE who a mine of thought inherits
By right divine,
Should each day prove its worth and merits,
By quarrying gems or golden carats,
Exceeding fine.

His claim, oft times, a mine encloses,
Never dreamed.
So silently the ore reposes,
Till prospect unto him discloses
Where 'tis seamed.

Unearthed, sometimes, the choicest treasure
Lies all unknown.
Because from heedless love of leisure
The inner wealth we fail to measure
Of strength and tone.

Bring earnest toil ! Your shaft, deep sinking,
Rewards your pains.
Broad galleries of thought now linking
Where you may gather gems of thinking
Scattered in veins.

Bring forth your treasure, not despising
The weakest glow.
A diamond lay in plain disguising,
A plaything which a child, scarce prizing,
Tossed to and fro.

An adept seeing, without warning,
Possessed the toy.
Parisian splendor soon adorning,
It brought the farmer's child a morning
Of great joy.

Locate, delve, then polish ever,
Offer your best.
Alloy from truth seek well to sever,
Then shall some gem adorn forever
Your sleeping breast.

CÆDMON.

A JUTTING cliff upreared its lofty brow
With solid base beset by ocean flood
Which rolled, and beat, and tossed in furious mood,
While calm and lone in crowning silence stood,
Like some old sentinel of years agone,
Still standing guard, though long since turned to
stone,
Hilda's monastery of the Sacred Vow,
O'er which an Abbess reigned, of royal blood.
And song, and feast, and mirth were wont to grace
The towering grandeur of this sea-swept place;
Thus breathing life into the calm, dead face,
And resting now in turn the waves below
From that unceasing, stony stare of woe,
Which gazed, unmindful of the fret and flow,
Which mirrored back the dark and solemn frown,
And sought in vain the stolid gaze to drown.
One, Cædmon, humble keeper of the stalls,
Grown old in service 'neath those dreary walls,
In vision heard a voice, which bade him sing
The birth of each and every living thing.
"I cannot sing," he said, when lo! a thrill
Of inspiration swept his soul at will,

And as he sang, the very air grew still
In sweet and solemn hush, till morn awoke,
And he himself the listening silence broke
In songs of praise so passing pure and sweet,
That loitering servants ran with hurrying feet,
To tell the Abbess of the wond'rous lays,
Which Cædmon caught from Heaven while he slept,
And while the stable faithfully he kept.
The Abbess listened to his songs of praise,
And said, "Thou'rt taught of God and not of man!"
And so in praise our English song began.
In praise! Grand impulse of the human soul,
Which beats and throbs, and swells, defies control,
And bursts, enraptured with a glad surprise
Of gratitude, which seeks no mean disguise,
But speaks itself in numbers rich and round,
Till e'en the echoing hills with joy resound,
And speaking dust joins in the gladsome sound.
Then while we hold the grateful gift of song,
Oh, may we Cædmon's homage still prolong!

MY SIGNET RING.

DEDICATED TO "W. S." OF SODUS, N. Y.

I HAVE a ring with a name cut in it;
A ring I've worn since my youthful years;
I see the giver again this minute,

As he looked to me through my glad young tears,
When placing the ring on my trembling finger.
Oh, why did he wait? Oh, why did he linger?
I asked him why, and he simply said
"Be faithful, child!" and turned his head.

We're parted long, but it stays where he placed it;
The ring I've worn since my youthful years;
Time and wear have somewhat defaced it,
But oft I've read through my blinding tears
That name and kissed it, for oh! Why not?
Should the dear name Father be ever forgot?
And now that he borders his four-score years
I gaze on it sadly, and often in tears.

OH, SPARE THE OLD HOUSE.

O H, spare the old house where I first saw the
light,

Where my mother passed in as a bride;
But after a few fleeting years of delight,
In her loveliness faded and died.

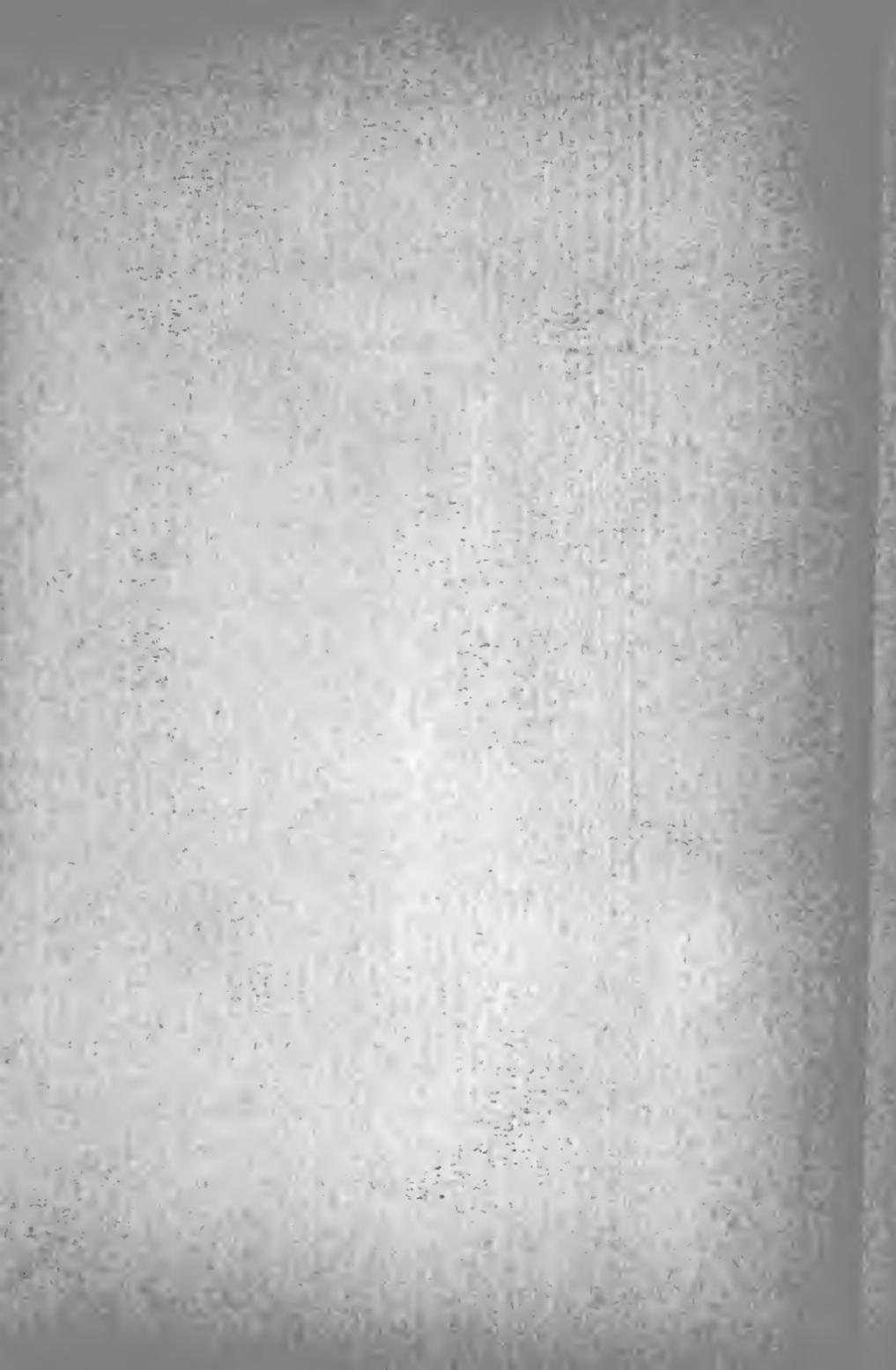
Oh, spare the old house with its window-panes small,
And its doorway so humble and low;
It once was as gay as e'er manor or hall
With its drapings of crimson and glow.

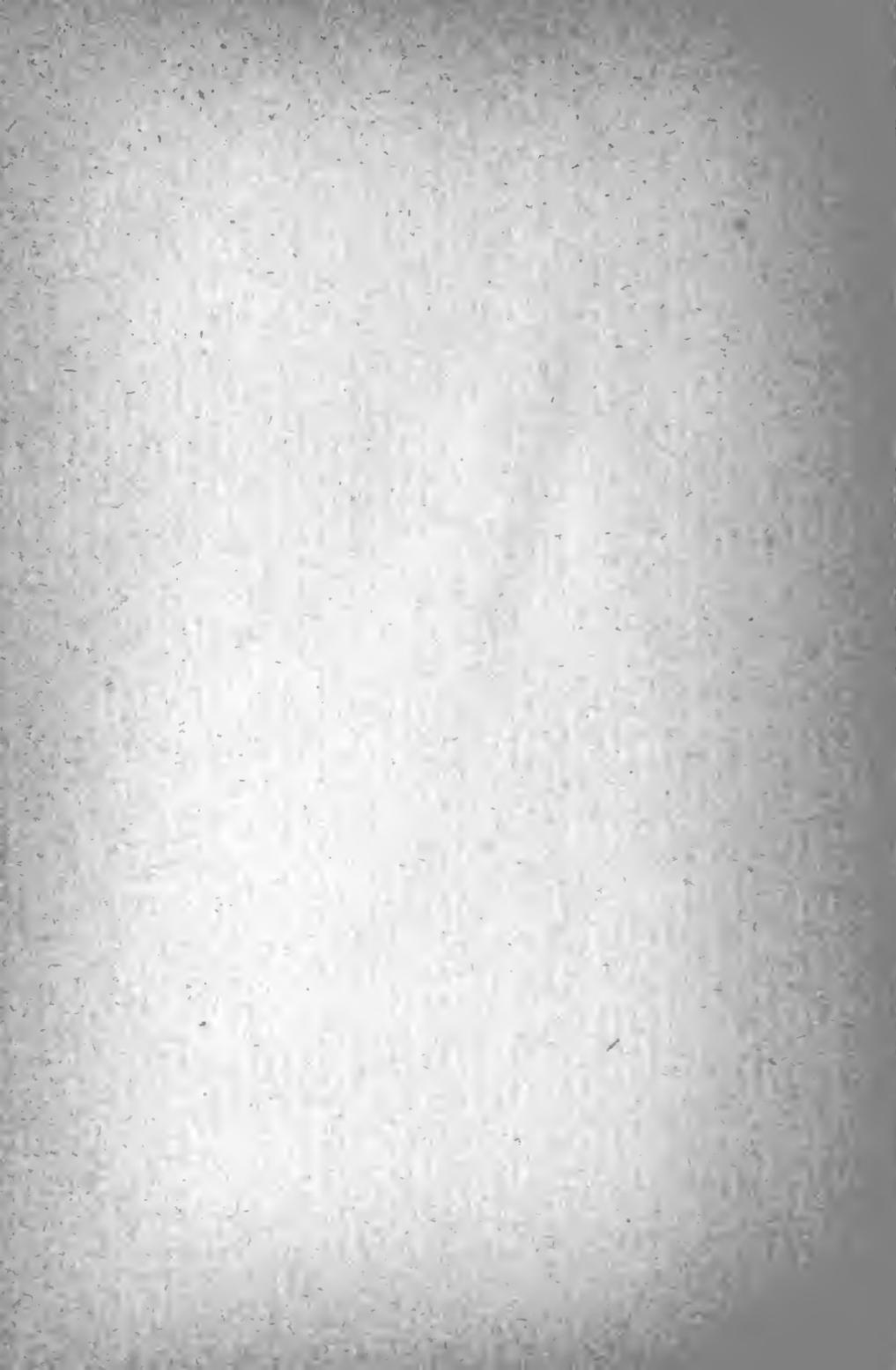
For sunsets gazed in at the doorway and smiled
On the cheek of a mother and wife;
Then dancing about they beamed on a child;
Unto one man this picture was "Life."

Oh, spare the old house where he bent o'er his dead,
And where I in my innocence smiled;
And kept him from breaking his heart as he said,
"Thou art left me, my poor orphan child."









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